# **City Of New Orleans**

### by Arlo Guthrie

1/7/2025

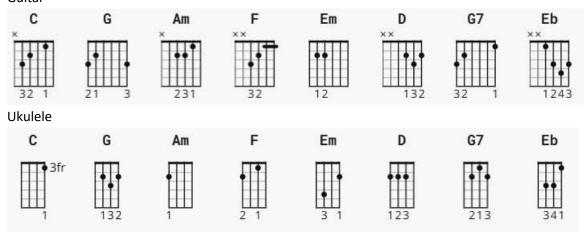
Difficulty: intermediate Tuning: <u>EADGBE</u>

Key: D

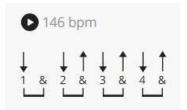
Capo: 2nd fret Timing: 4/4

### **Chords**

#### Guitar



## **Strumming**



C C C C  [Verse] C G C C  Riding on the City of New Orleans Am F C C  Illinois Central, Monday morning rail C G G C  There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders Am G C C  Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail Am G C C  All along the south bound odyssey, Em C G G C  Rolls along past houses, farms and fields Am And the sons of Pullman porters Em And freight yards full of old black men G G G T G And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles	[Intro]	City of New Orleans			
C G G C Riding on the City of New Orleans  Am F C Dealing cards with the old men in the club car  Illinois Central, Monday morning rail  C G G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  Am G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C G C Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am And the sons of Pullman porters  Em And the sons of engineers  Am And the sons of engineers  Em And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em Gorocking to the gentle beat  G G G G G C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I said done C C C C C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is	c c c c				
C G G C Riding on the City of New Orleans  Am F C Dealing cards with the old men in the club car  Illinois Central, Monday morning rail  C G G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  Am G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C Apenny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C G C Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am And the sons of Pullman porters  Em And the sons of engineers  Am And the sons of engineers  Em And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em Gorocking to the gentle beat  G G G G G C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I said done C C C C C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is					
Riding on the City of New Orleans  Am F C  Illinois Central, Monday morning rail  C G G C  There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  Am G C  Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am  All along the south bound odyssey,  Em  the train pulls out at Kankakee  G D  Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  Am  And freight yards full of old black men  G G G T  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F G C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C  Ap enny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C  Ap enny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C  Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  Am G C  I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am  And the sons of Pullman porters  Em  And the sons of engineers  G D  Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel  Am  And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  Gorocking to the gentle beat  G G G G G  And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C  I sealing cards with the old men in the club car  Am F C  A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C  A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  C G G C  Am M the sons of Pullman porters  Em  And the sons of Pullman porters  Em  And the sons of engineers  Em  And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  Gorocking to the gentle beat  G G G G G G  And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  C C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call	[Verse]	[Verse]			
Am F C Illinois Central, Monday morning rail C G G C C A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score C C G G C C A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score C G G C C A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score C C G G C C A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score C C G G C C A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score C C G G C C A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score C C G G C C Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor All along the south bound odyssey, Em And the sons of Pullman porters  Em And the sons of Pullman porters  Em And the sons of engineers  G D And the sons of engineers  G D And the sons of engineers  G G G G G D And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em Go rocking to the gentle beat  G G G G G G And The train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G G I I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  Eb F G G G G I I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans	C G C	CO.			
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail  C G G C There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  Am G C Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am G C Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am G C Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am G C Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am G C Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am G C T can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am He sons of Pullman porters  Em And the sons of engineers  G D Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel  Am And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em Go rocking to the gentle beat  G G G G C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is	Riding on the City of New Orleans	G C			
C G C C A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  Am G C Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  All along the south bound odyssey,  Em And the sons of Pullman porters  Em And the sons of engineers  Am And the sons of engineers  Bm And the sons of engineers  Am And the sons of engineers  Am And the mothers with their babes asleep  And freight yards full of old black men  G G G G G  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  Eb F G G G Am I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C	Am F C	Dealing cards with the old men in the club car			
There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  Am G C  Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am G C  Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am G C  Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am G C  I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor  Am And the sons of Pullman porters  Em And the sons of engineers  And the sons of engineers  Bide their fathers magic carpet made of steel  Am And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em Go rocking to the gentle beat  G G G G C  And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans	Illinois Central, Monday morning rail	Am F C			
Am G C C Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail Am G C I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor Am And the south bound odyssey,  Em And the sons of Pullman porters  Em And the sons of engineers  Am And the sons of engineers  Em And the sons of engineers  Am And the sons of engineers  Am And the sons of engineers  G D Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel  Am And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F G C G G Am F C G Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C G Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C G Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C G Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C G Good morning America, how are you?  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son G C G Am I said don't you know me, I'm your native son G C G G Am I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G G G G I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C C I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C	C G C	A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score			
Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail  Am  Am  Am  Am  And the south bound odyssey,  Em  the train pulls out at Kankakee  G  D  Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  Am  And the sons of Pullman porters  Em  And the sons of engineers  Am  And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F  G  G  Good morning America, how are you?  Am  F  C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G  C  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G	There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders	C G C			
Am	Am G C	Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle			
All along the south bound odyssey,  Em  the train pulls out at Kankakee  G  D  Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  Am  Passing trains that have no names  Em  And the sons of engineers  G  Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel  Am  And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G	Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail	Am G C			
the train pulls out at Kankakee  G  D  Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  Am  Passing trains that have no names  Em  And the mothers with their babes asleep  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G	Am	I can feel the wheels a-grumbling 'neath the floor			
the train pulls out at Kankakee  G  D  Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  Am  Passing trains that have no names  Em  And the mothers with their babes asleep  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G	All along the south bound odyssey,	Am			
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  Am  Passing trains that have no names  Em  And the mothers with their babes asleep  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G		And the sons of Pullman porters			
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  Am  Passing trains that have no names  Em  And the mothers with their babes asleep  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  F  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G  G	the train pulls out at Kankakee	Em			
Am		And the sons of engineers			
Am	Rolls along past houses, farms and fields	G			
And the mothers with their babes asleep  And freight yards full of old black men  G [G7] C  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  G [G7] C  And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I done  And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  Go rocking to the gentle beat  G C G G And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  Em  Go rocking to the gentle beat  G C G And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  Go rocking to the gentle beat  C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel		Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel			
And the mothers with their babes asleep  And freight yards full of old black men  G [G7] C  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  G [G7] C  And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I done  And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  Go rocking to the gentle beat  G C G G And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  Em  Go rocking to the gentle beat  G C G And the mothers with their babes asleep  Em  Go rocking to the gentle beat  C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel	Passing trains that have no names	Am			
G [G7] C Go rocking to the gentle beat  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  G [G7] C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C [Chorus]  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I lil be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C	_	And the mothers with their babes asleep			
G [G7] C Go rocking to the gentle beat  And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  G [G7] C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus]  F G C [Chorus]  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  I lil be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C	And freight yards full of old black men	Em			
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  G G[G7] C And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  [Chorus] F G Good morning America, how are you? Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son G C G G C G C G C G C G C G C G C G C		Go rocking to the gentle beat			
[Chorus]  F G C [Chorus]  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  And T C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C		G [G7] C			
[Chorus]  F G C [Chorus]  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C		• •			
F G C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son G C G Am I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans Eb F G [G7] I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C C I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C C					
F G C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son G C G Am I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans Eb F G [G7] I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C C I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C C	[Chorus]				
Good morning America, how are you?  Am  F  C  Good morning America, how are you?  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G  C  G  C  G  G  Am  F  C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb  F  G  C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G  C  G  Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb  F  G  C  G  Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb  F  G  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb  F  G  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C  C  C  C  C  C  C  C  C  C  C  C  C		[Chorus]			
Am F C Good morning America, how are you?  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C  Good morning America, how are you?  Am F C  I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7]  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C C					
I said don't you know me, I'm your native son  G C G Am I said don't you know me, I'm your native son I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans Eb F G [G7] I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done  Am F C I said don't you know me, I'm your native son I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is	-				
G C G Am I said don't you know me, I'm your native son I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans Eb F G [G7] I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done I said don't you know me, I'm your native son G C G Am I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans Eb F G [G7] I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C					
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  Eb F G [G7] I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  done  C C C C					
Eb F G [G7]  I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  done  C C C C		G C G Am			
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  C C C C  I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  done  C C C C	•	I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans			
C C C I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is C C C C		•			
done C C C					
done					
World		done			

[Verse]						
C G C	F		G	C		
Night time on the City of New Orleans	Good morning America, how are you?					
Am F C		Am		F	C	
We're changing cars for Memphis, Tennessee	I said	don't y	you knov	v me, I'm yo	ur native son	
C G	G	С		G	Am	
We're halfway home and we'll be there by	I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans					
C		Eb	F	G	[G7]	
morning	I'll be	_	ive hund	_	hen the day is	
Am G	C	C				
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to	done					
	uone		_		[07]	
the sea		Eb	F	G	[G7]	
Am		_			hen the day is	
And all the towns and people seem	C	C	С	С		
Em	done					
To fade into a bad dream						
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news						
Am The conductor sings his songs again						
The conductor sings his songs again						
Em The passengers will please refrain						
G [G7] C This train's got the disappearing railroad blues						
This train's got the disappearing rain oad blues						
[Chorus]						
F G C						
Good morning America, how are you?						
Am F C						
I said don't you know me, I'm your native son						
G C G Am						
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans						
Eb F G [G7]						
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is						
C						
done						